

Robert Harland

THE
PATRICIANS:
OR,
A CANDID EXAMINATION
INTO THE
MERITS OF THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS
OF THE
HOUSE OF LORDS.
BY THE
AUTHOR OF THE SENATORS. *[i.e. T.H. Delany]*



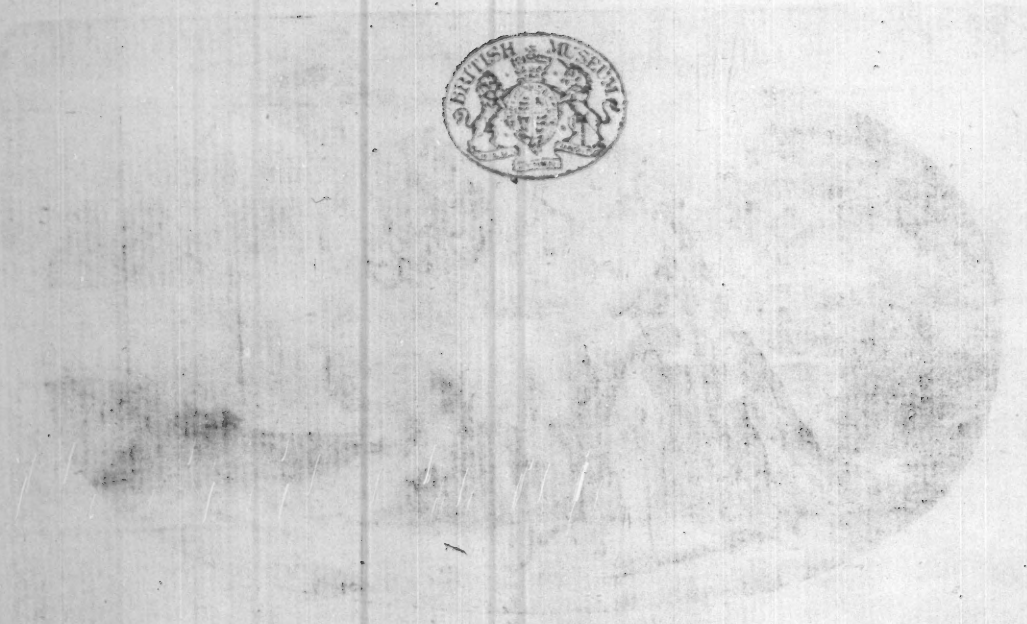
*If ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether World,
And bring them to account — Crush Crush those Vipers,
Who singled out by a Community
To guard their rights, shall for a grasp of Ore,
Or paltry Office, Sell 'em to the foe!*

MAHOMET.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, IN LUDGATE-STREET.
MDCCLXXIII.

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THE
PATRIOT
OF THE
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NORTH



PRINTED FOR G. KILGUS, IN LUDGATE-STREET.
LONDON.
MDCCCXXXIII.



T H E
P A T R I C I A N S, &c.

L E T puling Poets rack their lovesick brains
To woo their Chloes in desponding strains,
Now paint some cowslip's head, or trembling breeze,
And tell what every peasant heedless sees;
A different mistress animates my song,
To whom all praise—all attributes belong;
Nor dare ye lovers! say I sing in vain,
'Tis FREEDOM, heav'n-born FREEDOM swells my strain!
For her a *venal Senate* late I fac'd,
And all their impious actions freely trac'd,

'To her once more I bend, devoid of fear,
And point my satyr at the *guilty Peer*.

"What," (cries out PRUDENCE, with her nerves unstrung,
Her care-sunk eyes, and hesitating tongue,
Wrapt in the silent growth of ten per cent,
Where the dull many vegetate content.)

"Can you, just 'scap'd the *Senatorial laws*,

"Id'ly puff'd up with popular applause,

"Now militate a much superior shrine,

"Whose breath commands *imprisonment and fine*,

"Whose honour bubbles from those sacred springs,

"The Lord's annointed, Heav'n appointed Kings?

"Good Angels shield us from such daring times!

"When nameless bards attack a Lord in rhimes."

Say—What can mean this base, inglorious thought,
Which dares import that *honour* can be *bought*?
Can musty parchments so ennoble knaves,
Or change to freemen, voluntary slaves?

For

For wise and good capacitate the breast,
 Whose ev'ry thought is villainy confest;
 Far hence the slavish mercenary creed,
 From whence the hireling only draws his meed;
 A *Lord* in all his state is but a *man*,
 And should he fall beneath this glorious plan,
 That *Mighty Lord* is nothing but a name,
 Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame.

But let us try this charge by Nature's laws,
 And as she speaks, hold, or dismiss the cause!

- " Do not we all from the same parents spring,
 " Whether our rank's a Cobler, or a King?
 " Do not we eat alike? the same way breed?
 " And at our birth stand in an equal need?
 " Is not the earth alike, our common walk?
 " Do not we laugh alike—the same way talk?
 " Are not our bodies form'd the self same way,
 " Sustain'd by nurture—subject to decay?

" And

" And does not merc'less death take equal aims,

" When he resorts the hovel or St. James?"

Let then the great, and little vulgar gaze,
And bask beneath this mock resplendent blaze,
The general homage join with loud accord,
And every moment echo out " my Lord." —
Such paltry arts give Satyr all her strength,
To draw this *Giant-nothing* at full length;
Shew him that *bird* alone has no pretence,
To truth, or honour, dignity, or sense,

Yet let me not adopt a general scorn,
Nor hate the man, because he's nobly born,
Peers there have been, (and some are still the same,)
Who self-ennobled, grac'd the rolls of fame,
In arts excelling, as in arms well try'd,
Their country's bulwark and the muses' pride.
No, FREEDOM, in thy presence here I swear,
By all thy trampled rights, now doubly dear,

Ty'd

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Ty'd to nor court, nor heated party's side,
Thy hand alone shall be my faultless guide,
And if I err from this impartial line,
And paint unfaithful to this grand design,
Let me unpitied fall, despis'd—undone —
Or, what's much worse—disown me as thy son;

In office plac'd above each brother Peer,
Homage in front—attendance on the rear,
The burnish'd seals upon that table laid,
Where TALBOT once his country's rights display'd,
Who's that to such distinguished honours born,
Yet whom, not ev'n these honours can adorn?
O world take note! Proclaim it passing air!
'Tis APSLEY fills that once respected chair;
Sense all confounded startles at his name,
And *Wisdom* bows her reverend head in shame,
Wit gives the wink to ev'ry favourite Lord,
And *pun*, as usual, plays upon the word;
Ev'n MANSFIELD seems to blushes half betray'd,
As conscious of the paltry thing he made,

Whilst *Justice* cries avaunt—thou shade of law,
Thou Chancellor “of patches, shreds, and straw.”

Say what but folly in th’ extreme complete,
Could ever tempt thee to aspire this seat?
At such a time too, when the *virtuous crown*
Express’d the price, which honour should lay down,
When honest CAMDEN spurn’d the venal place,
And YORKE in death, confess’d the foul disgrace;
When ev’n SMYTHE, time serving SMYTHE, refus’d,
And told his Prince, “he’d rather be excus’d.”
Could not thy Judgment Seat in Common Pleas,
Crown thy ambition with a life of ease?
There thou might’st fit whole live long hours away,
And echo only what thy Chief might say,
In all thy tiny state jog up and down,
’Twixt term and term, from *Fairy-Hill** to town;

* The Country Seat of the Lord Chancellor.

Or at assizes on the Bench look big,
 In the tremendous Majesty of wig,
 That wig whose sides thy visage all enclose,
 Save the rich prospect of thy *purpled nose*.
 Thus while through life, exempt from toils and cares,
 As ASHURST dull—importantless as NARES.

From White's, Newmarket, and those gambling schools,
 Where fools made sharpers, in their turns make fools,
 Where fickle fortune guides the wav'ring stocks,
 And Peer and pimp, by turns, command the box,
 GRAFTON slept forth his country to defend,
 He spoke it fair, and Chatham was his friend;
 But ah! what honour—what connections bind,
 Where interest only occupies the mind?
 That grasp for pow'r—that lust to rule alone,
 Which bear no rivals near their lawless throne,
 Fill'd all his soul—hence gratitude gave way,
 And ev'ry scoundrel maxim came in play,
 'Twas wit to flatter—wisdom to betray.

And

And last—to brand his name to future times,
 And close the climax of a *Stuart's* crimes,
 These FREEBORN RIGHTS, which gracious heav'n first plann'd,
 As proofs of mercy to this favourite land,
 Where ev'ry Briton, by his proxy sways,
 And what himself ordains, alone obeys,
 These sacred rights did GRAFTON dare assail,
 And what's more strange, he lives to tell the tale.

Yet hear me *Parricide!*—amidst this pow'r,
 The venal vote of a more venal hour,
 Not all the triumphs which thy bosom feels,
 From such a fawning levee at thy heels,
 Not all the interest of thy *new form'd* clan,
 Nor all the schemes thy coward heart can plan,
 Shall dare from hence a precedent to draw,
 Or intimate this brib'd assent as law;
 No—in that hour (if e'er it should arrive,)
 Perhaps that hour's the last you may survive,

Some honest hand shall dauntless bare the knife,
And snatch his birthright from thy loss of life.

Hail matchless CAMDEN! who such arts withstood,
Great, without pow'r, and when in pow'r yet good,
Who now un plac'd canst meet a nation's eyes,
Uprais'd to call thee honest, learn'd, and wise;
Thy stubborn virtue took a different part,
Nor dar'd corruption tamper with thy heart.
When this great question * gloom'd the impious day,
Which gave a free-born Briton's rights away,
Spurr'd to the charge thy soul was up in arms,
And all thy eloquence had double charms,
Law smoth'd by truth, inspir'd thy guardian tongue,
Whilst wond'ring crowds on ev'ry accent hung,
Yes—all thy patriotic worth confest,
All—save the callous-*pre-determin'd* breast.

* The Middlesex Election.

Speak then PREROGATIVE, where is thy claim,
 Thy least pretence to elevated fame,
 If thus thou dar'st capriciously betray,
 A nation's laws, and turn her *Chief* away?
 Was it for this the people *lent* thee pow'r,
 In part—to save the remnant of their dow'r?
 Was it for this they bid thee splendid live,
 To frown on worthies—*f—d—tes* forgive?
 Hence then—ye sycophants, who say 'tis giv'n,
 To God's vicegerents as the dole of heav'n,
 To mitigate the laws remorseless frown,
 And shed a godlike mercy from the crown,
 So us'd, it operates the scourge of rule,
 The rod of empire, and the tyrant's tool.

See the proud Peer who no one science knows,
 Save that of levees, equipage, and cloaths!
 Ask him what's honour, with a smile of praise,
 He bids the herald make his honour blaze,

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Five golden balls—on five small spires are seen,
And some good motto gilds the pageant scene;
Conscious his ev'ry plea to worth, or fame,
Lies in the mere dead letters of his name.
But if the royal smile his vote should buy,
And give the mock resplendence of the sky,
With awe then learn inferior sons of thrift,
To reverence title sanctified by gift;
Hence see the star diverge its silver light,
On Gow'r's proud heart, *insufferably* bright,
See him take rank as *first* at Council Board,
Only inferior to his sovereign Lord;
Ask ye the cause from whence these honours spring?
Why Gow'r betrays his country and his King.

What then is honour since it dwells not here?
Is it too proud to recognize the Peer?
Lift to the voice of truth, and she'll impart,
Honour's no more than PURITY OF HEART;

Tis

'Tis of no age—condition, sex, or kind,
 But lives a self-born principle of mind,
 Just as it operates in TEMPLE's breast,
 Where all is truth and dignity confest.
 Thou ray divine in bounteous nature's plan!
 By whom alone we learn the worth of man,
 'Tis thine to dignify the humble Board,
 And make its master greater than my Lord,
 'Tis thine to spurn alike Plebeian rage,
 Or what ambition madly might presage,
 To laugh at title, birth—distinctive strings,
 And all the false rewards of partial Kings.

Late SUFFOLK shone the favourite of the crowd.
 In his eulogium every tongue was loud,
 Dear to his friends, and to his country dear,
 The manly patriot dignified the Peer,
 Now see the same dishonoured by a place!
 And though in pow'r, an object of disgrace.
 Those cheering sounds no more salute the ear,
 But all's contempt, and obloquy, and sneer.

Though

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'Though splendid fortune smil'd at his command,
 And pour'd her bounties with unsparing hand,
 Though roseate health contributed her boon,
 Nor yet his sun had journey'd to his noon,
 Though fame and honour led the flow'ry way,
 And shew'd the future glories of its day,
 All could not give the self-approving test,
 Nor stamp the seal of honour on his breast.
 Dar'st thou apostate recollect of late,
 (Though thou should'st blot it from thy mem'ry's feat,)
 When venal Lords conspir'd to stain the throne,
 And, in the people's rights, betray their own,
 How trumpet-tongued, thy ev'ry pow'r did plead,
 "Against the deep damnation of the deed?"
 And when nor truth, nor justice could inspire,
 Nor CAMDEN's eloquence, nor CHATHAM's fire,
 Then did'st thou mingle with the virtuous few,
 Who dar'd dissent * from such a pension'd crew.

* This was on a question of the Marquis of Rockingham's in favour of the
 Freedom of Election, which was carried in the negative by a great majority,
 when Lord Suffolk was one of the Protecting Lords.

Yes, SUFFOLK's name so stands upon record,
And proves him an *apostate*, miscreant Lord.

Shall not then satyr sting this fly of state,
Who rashly dares be profligately great,
Whose talents war against his country's laws,
From that corruption which betrays her cause?
O! yes 'tis her's, when virtue can't prevail,
Nor coward shame, the villains latest veil,
To bare such culprits to the passing wind,
There let them stink a warning to mankind.

But who comes forward with that ruffian stride,
As if his form the human form belied,
Whose shoulders groan beneath a weight of *head*,
Like some old mansion overcharg'd with lead?
Sense, speech, and measure—languages retire,
'Tis DENBIGH would the orator aspire!
Whene'er he speaks, did ever furies roar,
In louder rumblings 'gainst the Northern Shore?
Whene'er he pleads—did ever reason feel,
A greater effort of barbaric zeal?

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Ah! why will art thus with our natures jar,
 And carry on this cruel civil war,
 Had not a Coronet his brows adorn'd,
 DENBIGH had breath'd, unnotic'd, and uncorn'd;
 Perhaps some country Squire's old Whipper-in,
 His hours all spent 'twixt hunting, and 'twixt gin,
 There his ambition would have known its bounds,
 Blest in the yelping of his favourite hounds,
 And withering off life's stalk, in good old days,
 Some Woodman's ballad had proclaim'd his praise.

But here perhaps too rashly I descry,
 And measure objects with too loose an eye,
 Though Nature, partly, is repell'd by art,
 Some genuine sparks still play round ev'ry heart;
 Hence when he found his talents own'd the chace,
 He spurn'd all honours for the huntsman's place,
 Through ev'ry state the vassal heart prevails,
 Behold the *Hariers* * are his Lordship's *vails*!

* Lord Denbigh, beside being a Lord of the Bed Chamber, is Master of the
Hariers and Foxhounds.

What diff'rent manners LYTTELTON are thine,
 Whose milder virtues make the Peerage shine,
 Who knows no honour in a titled name,
 But what results from honourable fame;
 Blest with a taste, correct, yet unconfin'd,
 Deduc'd from books, from business, and mankind,
 Who bred in courts, ne'er stung thy Sov'reign's ear,
 Though learn'd, polite, and though polite, sincere,
 To thee the muses—patriots praise belong,
 Thou guardian of our rights—as of our song!

When fix'd in grief I see thee, widow'd, mourn,
 And drop the tear o'er Lucy's* envied urn,
 O! where's the breast, not petrified as stone,
 But what will judge thy sorrow by his own,
 Catch ev'ry sigh, just issuing from the heart,
 And share with thee, the sympathetic smart,

* The Poetical Reader need not be informed, that this alludes to that elegant and pathetic Monody, written by this Nobleman, on the death of his Lady.

But when with zeal I see thee firmly stand,
 The joint protector of thy native land,
 Define her rights—and ev'ry right support,
 In spite of bribery, and a shameless Court,
 This double view shews all that merit can,
 It crowns the patriot, and endears the man.

Learn then ye shameless Nobles of the age,
 Who deaf to truth—in ev'ry vice engage,
 Your vows forgot—who wanton in divorce,
 And stab domestic honour in its source,
 Learn, from this bright example, to improve
 In all th' endearments of connubial love,
 Know that these crown each blessing here below,
 Augment our joys, participate our woe,
 That he who doth his heart-felt duty here,
 Shall act with honour in a wider sphere.

But flick'ring courtiers cry that birth, and place
 Shall stamp a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,

Nor

Nor need the mind another line pursue,
 For these will teach him all he ought to do.
 Look in thy bosom POMFRET, and be fair,
 Say—can'st thou find out one such lodger there?
 Put on *your spectacles*, my Lord, and try,
 Those artificial aids may help the eye;
 What! Are there none? Not *one* to make report?
 Alas! they're not the favourites of a Court.
 Yet courage POMFRET! though these prudish guests,
 Are coy to settle in ennobl'd breasts,
 Though they're so vulgar oft to fly the star,
 And take their refuge with some plain Jack Tar,
 Another group of inmates there you'll find,
 OPPRESSION, PRIDE—INGRATITUDE OF MIND,

In the same train, see Weymouth *flatters* on!
 In thirst a German, and in pride a Don,
 A dupe to sharpers, from his earliest play,
 A slave to *Bacchus* in maturer day;
 But what are these?—in such a *pious* reign,
 No vice how flagrant, Ministers can stain,

Else why should he e'er steer the helm of state,
 Or on a nation's liberties debate?
 He, who sends Reason tumbling from her throne,
 Who calls each crime, alternately, his own,
 He, who, like Nero, *thanks for shedding blood*,*
 And dares to call the flagrant murder good.
 Admire we then what Courts low roofs contain,
 The blazing circle, or the pompous train,
 When such as WEYMOUTH claims his Sov'reign's ear,
 And lives a chos'n—pension'd favourite here,
 Whose bliss is *drinking*, and whose conduct gives,
 But this one brutal reason why he lives.

“Forbear this rage at Lords!” (replies some tool,
 Who long has writ by ministerial rule,
 Perhaps some HAWKSWORTH *pension'd* to descry,
 The *monthly* shoots which pain a Courtier's eye,)

* Vide his letter to the Third Regiment of Guards, wherein he approves in the warmest terms, the Massacre of St. George's-Fields.

" O'er heated thus thy persevering brawl,
 " In time might reach yon consecrated wall,
 " Where Britain's Prelates reverently sit,
 " And there grown scurr'lous, ape the name of wit."
 Far hence the thought!—as Ministers of God,
 I kiss their garments, and respect their nod;
 Nor can my soul adopt that vulgar game,
 That priests, because they're such, are satyr's aim;
 But when unmindful of their holy charge,
 Though cloth'd like sheep, like wolves they prowl at large,
 When mad ambition swells their ev'ry vein,
 And to be *good's* as rare as to be *lean*,
 When *drums*, and *equipage* employ their care,
 And Loo usurps the sacred place of pray'r,
 Then nor the Crozier, nor the Rochet's pride,
 My rage can smother, or my vengeance hide.

But to the proof? —Why to the house repair,
 And see their piety as practised there;

The

The *question mov'd*, regardless of debate,
 See how they silent sit, or idly prate!
 The *question call'd*, obedient to the word,
 The white-rob'd phalanx move with one accord;
 With *pious* haste they journey on their way;
 Nor truth, nor honour, can impede their stay,
 Nor all that reason, and that conscience teach,
 Nor God's Commandments they're enjoin'd to preach,
 Thoughtless of all—except the favourite *See*,
 All seem to say *—"We have no God but thee."

Heav'ns! how unlike their Reverend Sires of old,
 Plain, poor, content, and but in virtue bold,
 No thirst had they for dignity, and pow'r,
 No texts they trimm'd to shape the varying hour,
 No statesmen they to wrangle, and debate,
 No gilded sideboards blazon'd forth their state,

* From this groupe however, must be deducted, the Bishops of Bangor and Exeter, who, upon all occasions, have attended more to the dictates of conscience, than the views of promotion.

No worldly cares their slumbers durst annoy,
 No chariot roll'd them to the House of Joy,
 From youth to age, in piety they trod,
 Their morals justice—their religion God:
 Why then ye holy cheats will ye thus feign,
 A sacred title which your actions stain?
 Is it your pride to ev'ry virtue lack
 Or is a knave less so when dress'd in *black*?
 Courtiers, 'tis true, may celebrate this art,
 But candour shrinks from such a damning part.

GO MANSFIELD, follow this time-serving crew,
 And keep the self-same maxims in thy view,
 Such *first-rate Patriots* should together mate,
 They guard the Church, just as thou guard'st the State;
 One turns from God the supplicating eye,
 And pays to GEORGE the tribute of the sky.
 Whilst t'other strikes the coward breast with awe,
 And turns *Westminster* to a mart of law.
 Be gone my fears! nor tell me what I do,
 My cause is VIRTUE'S—her will I pursue,

Ne'er

Ne'er talk to me of who are dangerous things,
 Or Lord *Chief Criminals*, or *Paper Kings*,
 Who is the greater villain, who the less,
 Or what fell harpy scowls it o'er the *press*,
 All this I know—and knowing it I write,
 In spite of *menace*, in *example's* spite,
 Nor fear the *partial charge*—th' *invented flaw*!
 Whilst ENGLISH JURIES JUDGES ARE OF LAW.

Come sit you down then, MANSFIELD, in thy state,
 Thy robes all purpled in Britannia's fate,
 And let me wring that callous—coward breast,
 If e'er compunction deigned to be its guest,
 If e'er (as Pope, with greater grace, has said
 Than *truth*,)——it acted jointly with thy head.
 Who wa'st a record alter'd, to betray
 A freeman's birthrights in the face of day?
 Who wa'st maintain'd with dictatorial pride
 That facts were all which *Juries* should decide?
 Who was it prompted, in a rebel hour,
 That Gen'ral Warrants claim'd the Kingly pow'r?

Who

Who could but such a mischief-brooding heart,
 Where tyrant dæmons occupy each part,
 Engend'ring ev'ry noxious dark design,
 Which strikes at *freedom*—*British freedom's shrine*!

Not so with RICHMOND!—see by him sustain'd,
 Each various title which his Sires obtain'd,
 With him the Coronet and robe support
 Their real splendour, dignity at Court;
 From hence behold his gen'rous bosom glow,
 With all that Peers should feel, that Peers should know;
 In senates hear him, warm in freedom's part,
 How, with what force he gains upon the heart!
 How, all with awe, the patriot sounds imbibe,
 'Till bold corruption almost drops her bribe!
 Nor stops he here—as Freedom spreads her course,
 He follows onward with an equal force;
 'Tis his fair-grateful science to expand,
 And rear the lib'ral arts with lib'ral hand,

Cull modest merit from the vulgar crowd,

Reward in *private*, but commend *aloud*.

But see where pity claims the feeling tear,

In yon sad object bolster'd in his chair,

Who scarcely animated holds his place,

Racks in his joints—and fever in his face.

Is this the man in youth, who fashions led,

Who writ, who drank, and who in Brothels bled?

In riper years who rul'd the helm of state,

And rose to be most infamously great?

Is this the man, who stoop'd with grov'ling art,

To play by turns the *Lord*, and *Broker's* part,

Who now a mandate—now a transfer wrote,

And chang'd his station as he chang'd his coat?

That cautious—plodding—bustling *grand defaulter*,

Whom GEORGE a title gave instead of halter?

Behold 'tis he!—or rather let me say,

A soul which once inspir'd a different clay,

H

'Tis

'Tis all of HOLLAND—all that now remains;
The rest are aches—infirmities, and pains.

Yet oh! my satyr turn aside thy dart,
Nor stain its feather in this culprit's heart!
Insult not mis'ry in her tedious way,
Who scoffs a crim'nal on his final day?
Perhaps ev'n now (all search'd with pangs, and fears)
He more than balances his *long arrears*,
Turn from his groans then with a grateful mind,
And own that heav'n is neither deaf, nor blind.

From this example *SHELBURNE* learn to know—
That vice, though honour'd, 's not exempt from woe,
That though the heart may spurn the critic's rod,
None can resist the vengeance of their God;
Let then this thought, weigh'd with its proper force,
Strike through thy soul, and turn it from its course,
Nor use the patriot's garb to fling away,
When greater honours start, or greater pay.

Fortune

Fortune has blest thee with an ample pow'r,
 And titled greatness met thy earliest hour,
 Manhood still blooms those blessings to improve,
 And fame would crown thee with a people's love,
 What wouldst thou more? or what can Kings bestow,
 To add to these—but frippery—and shew?
 Turn to thy country then, she claims thy aid,
 Thy bleeding country, plunder'd, and betray'd,
 Enlist a champion in her glorious cause,
 Protect her honour—and support her laws,
 With manly force each venal arm repel,
 And send *evafion* to her native hell!

Nor is there wanting—who shall shew thee fame,
 Who doubts the thought, when ROCKINGHAM I name?
 That patriot chief who hath himself withstood
 Corrupted pow'r in its meridian flood;
 Nay what is more—in these our venal days,
 Preserv'd his honour with the *Treas'ry Keys*;

Pleas'd in Britannia's well pois'd state to find,
 A just prerogative with freedom join'd,
 He sought no minion to betray her cause,
 Brib'd no assassin to insult her laws,
 Left senates free to vote just as they thought,
 Nor like his vile successor—*sold*, and *bought*,
 But weighing both—aspir'd to reunite,
 His monarch's glory with the people's right.
 “What's his reward?” (says bribery with a sneer)
 That which alone should recompence the Peer,
 TRUTH, *conscious truth*, whose glories beam afar,
 And dim the feeblèr lustre of the star.

To curb ambitious views, and vain desires,
 And turn the heart from all its truant fires,
 HILLSBOROUGH has ta'en a philosophic plan,
 And wisely chang'd the courtier for the man;
 Thus freed from levees, cabinets, and care,
 He seeks retirement in a purer air,

Amidst

Amidst those fields where laugh'd his earlier days,
Those happier times of innocence, and ease.
Yet fame has said, and with no whisp'ring voice,
That this retirement sprang not from his choice,
Nay, added more, that when he was in pow'r,
He rul'd, the little tyrant of his hour,
Made sacred freedom groan beneath his nod,
And claim'd obedience with an iron rod.

But why will *fame* avouch this partial charge,
And thus unheard, untry'd, condemn at large?
See, *truth* portrays his honourable mind,
And shews him now *unpension'd*, and *resign'd*!
Resign'd to keep a *Statesman's* conscience clear;
The sacrifice *six thousand pounds a year*.

Seek ye his merits further to explore,
Consult the records of Hibernia's Shore!
There read them amply in his tenants eyes,
Those chaste memorials of the good, and wise,

See Sacred Temples * own his pious care,
 And joyous Ceres crown the circling year!
 There see the peasant, comfortably warm,
 Possess the cot—the cultivated farm!
 Enjoy those sweets which industry should claim,
 And, as he feels them, echo HILLSBOROUGH'S name.

Oh! happy SANDWICH could thy bosom know,
 But half the joys which from such virtues flow!
 Or, could'st thou to thy name, and honour true,
 Be a just heir, and merit's claim renew!
 With eager zeal, then should my willing lays,
 Aspire the deeds of MONTAGUE to praise,
 But as thou art, an alien to thy race,
 Though cloth'd with pow'r, pre-eminence, and place,
 Expect my fatyr's complicated rage,
 And read a nation's hatred in her page.

* This Nobleman, who is one of the best Landlords in the kingdom of Ireland, amongst many acts of indulgence to his tenants, has built for them several churches, one in particular, on his own domain, which, it is said, cost 16,000l.

Yet shall this man have empire o'er our sea,
Who can nor truth, nor reason's laws obey?
Preside o'er Lords—be foremost in the ring,
Now balance Europe—now advise his King?
This man, who only lives to pleasures end,
This shameless statesman, and this faithless friend;
And oh! with tenfold horror shall I speak,
And drive all colour from the Christian cheek?
Who did, what fiends, nor hell can scarcely name,
A deed which blurs the modesty of shame,
Sets at defiance the avenging rod,
And claims the heaviest—bitterest wrath of God;
Curse on preferment, and preferment's road,
When honours are so viciously bestow'd!

Fir'd by that glow, which patriots e'er should feel,
A sacred friendship for the common weal,
No patron in my eye, nor in my choice,
Save the tribunal of the public voice,

Such

Such is the picture FREEDOM bade me draw,
 Unaw'd by pow'r—unchecked by *modern law*;
 In the back ground, see where her sons appear!
 Oppress'd by numbers, arrogance, and sneer,
 Their aims defeated, all their rights o'erthrown,
 Bereft of ev'ry honour but their own,
 Whilst, in the front, her tyrants prowl at will,
 Prepar'd oppression's mandates to fulfill.—

Rouse CHATHAM, rouse then at this piteous fight,
 Collect thy pow'r—*exterminating might*,
 Call out those freeborn worthies to thy aid,
 (Thyself an host, where'er thou deign'st to lead.)
 Go meet CORRUPTION with her pageant train,
 Her pimps for pow'r—her sycophants for gain,
 And sweeping onward pierce th' envenom'd ring,
 Which circulates thy much insulted King,
 There, with a voice which truth should e'er support,
 (Though not the usual language of a Court)

Ring

Ring in his ears what hirelings crowd his throne,
Neglecting ev'ry int'rest but their own,
Tell him of England's long, and foul disgrace,
Of knaves in pow'r, and splendid fools in place,
Of laws perverted, liberties betray'd,
Of modest merit slumb'ring in the shade,
Of commerce trampled by a gambling band,
Of subjects starving in a plenteous land,
Of passions rankling in a vile extreme,
For which *Gomorrah* only has a name.
Press ev'ry truth—thy duty thus pursue,
And tell him all a BRUNSWICK ought to do.

In such an hour, let *spleen* ne'er tell her tale,
Nor aught beneath thy country's rights prevail,
Think on the glories of thy former fame,
And all the wonders done by CHATHAM's name,
How when Britannia's navy felt disgrace,
And mock invasions kept an equal pace,

When she, herself, all faint, and friendless lay,
 Her Councils diffident—her Chiefs at bay,
 How like some succouring God—by heav'n's command,
 You stood the SAVIOUR of this helpless land,
 A greater honour far than Cæsar prov'd,
 You *came*—you *saw*—you *conquer'd*—and was *lov'd*.
 An equal wreath still waits to grace thy brow,
 You sav'd us once—we claim salvation now.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Page 6, Line 13, for *migh't*, read *might'st*.

Page 9, Line 13, for *smoth'd*, read *smootb'd*.

Page 13, Line 4, for *his* noon, read *its* noon, And

Line 6, of the same Page, for *its* day, read, *his* day.

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